

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1804.

MR. SCOTT,

The following story founded on fact will, no doubt, gratify the taste of many readers of the Repository; it has been published under the auspices of the muses in a pamphlet entitled OUABI, by a lady of Boston, the productions of whose pen have long been admired by the amateurs of female genius, and American literature;... probably, those who have not been gratified with the soft flowing strains of PHILENIA'S lyre in that elegant poem, will be highly pleased with it in its present form.

S.

*Azakia:*

A CANADIAN STORY.

THE ancient inhabitants of Canada were, strictly speaking, all savages. Nothing proves this better than the destiny of some Frenchmen, who first arrived in this part of the world. They were eaten by the people whom they pretended to humanize and polish.

New attempts were more successful. The savages were driven into the inner parts of the continent; treaties of peace, always ill observed, were concluded with them; but the French found means to create in them wants, which made their yoke necessary to them. Their brandy and tobacco easily effected what their arms might have operated with great difficulty. Confidence soon became mutual, and the forests of Canada were frequented with as much freedom by new inmates, as by the natives.

These forests were often also resorted to by the married and unmarried savage women, whom the meeting of a Frenchman put into no terrors. All these wo-

men, for the most part, are handsome, and certainly their beauty owes nothing to the embellishment of art:....much less has it any influence on their conduct. Their character is naturally mild and flexible, their humor gay; they laugh in the most agreeable and winning manner. They have a strong propensity to love; a propensity, which a maiden in this country may yield to, and always indulges without scruple, and without fearing the least reproach. It is not so with a married woman; she must be entirely devoted to him she has married; and what is not less worthy of notice, she punctually fulfills this duty.

An heroine of this class, and who was born among the Hurons, one day happened to wander in a forest that lay contiguous to the ground they inhabited. She was surprised by a French soldier, who did not trouble himself to enquire, whether she was a wife or a maiden. Besides, he found himself little disposed to respect the right of a Huron husband. The shrieks of the young savage, in defending herself, brought to the same place, the baron of St. Castins, an officer in the troops of Canada. He had no difficulty to oblige the soldier to depart; but the person he had so opportunely saved, had so many engaging charms, that the soldier appeared excusable to him. Being himself tempted to sue for the reward of the good office he had just rendered, he pleaded his cause in a more gentle and insinuating manner than the soldier, but did not succeed better. "The friend that is before my eyes, hinders my seeing thee," said the Huron woman to him. This is the savage phrase, for expressing that a woman has a husband, and that she cannot be wanting in fidelity to him. This phrase is not a vain form; it contains a preemptory refusal; it is com-

mon to all the women of those barbarous nations; and its force, the neighborhood of the Europeans, and their example, were never able to diminish.

St. Castins, to whom the language and customs of the Hurons were familiar, saw immediately that he must drop all pretensions; and this persuasion recalled all his generosity. He therefore made no other advances, than to accompany the beautiful savage, whom chance alone had directed into the wood, and who was afraid of new rencountres. As they passed on, he received all possible marks of gratitude, except that which he at first requested.

Some time after, St. Castins being insulted by a brother officer, killed him in a duel. This officer was nephew to the general governor of the colony, and the governor was as absolute as vindictive. St. Castins had no other resource than to betake himself to flight. It was presumed that he had retired among the English of New-York; which, indeed, was very probable; but, persuaded that he should find an equally safe asylum among the Hurons, he gave them the preference.

The desire of again seeing Azakia, which was the name of the savage he had rescued, contributed greatly to determine him in that choice. She knew immediately her deliverer. Nothing could equal her joy, at this unexpected visit, and she declared it as ingeniously, as before she had resisted his attacks. The savage, whose wife she was, and whose name was Ouabi, gave St. Castins the same reception, who acquainted him of the motive of his flight.... "May the Great Spirit be praised for having brought thee among us," replied the Huron! "This body," added he, laying his hand on his bosom, "will serve thee as a shelter for defence, and this head-breaking hatchet

will put to flight, or strike dead thy enemies. My hut shall be thine; thou shalt always see the bright star of the day appear and leave us, without any thing being wanting to thee, or any thing being able to hurt thee."

St. Castins declared to him, that he absolutely desired to live as they did, that is, to bear a part in their labors and their wars; to abide by their customs; in short, to become a Huron; a resolution which redoubled Ouabi's joy. The savage held the first rank among his people...he was their grand chief...a dignity which his courage and services had merited for him. There were other chiefs under him, and he offered one of the places to St. Castins, who accepted the rank only of a private warrior.

The Hurons were then at war with the Iroquois, and were intent on forming some enterprise against them. St. Castins would fain make one in the expedition, and fought as a true Huron: but was dangerously wounded. He was brought back with great difficulty to Ouabi's house, on a kind of litter. At this sight, Azakia appeared overwhelmed with grief; but instead of vain lamentation, she exerted all possible care and assiduity to be of service to him. Though she had several slaves at command, she depended only on herself, for what might contribute to the relief of her guest. Her activity equalled her solicitude. One would have said, that it was a lover watching over the precious life of her beloved. Few could help drawing the most flattering conclusions on such an occasion; and this was what St. Castins did. His desires and hopes revived with his strength. One only point disconcerted his views, which was the services and attention of Ouabi. Could he deceive him without adding ingratitude to perfidy? "But," said St. Castins arguing the case with himself, "the good natured Ouabi is but a savage, and he cannot be so scrupulous herein, as many of our good folks in Europe." This reason, which was no reason in fact, appeared very solid to the amorous Frenchman. He renewed his tender advances, and was surprised to meet with new refusals. "Stop! Celario," which was the savage name that was given to St. Castins; "stop," said Azakia to him; the shivers of the rod, which I have broken with Ouabi, have not yet been reduced to ashes. A part remains still in his power and another in mine. As long as they last I am his, and cannot be thine."

These words, spoken in a peremptory manner, quite disconcerted St. Castins. He dared not insist upon the matter further, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Azakia was deeply affected by it. "What can I do?" said she to him; "I cannot become thy companion, but by ceasing to be the companion of Ouabi; and I cannot quit Ouabi, without causing in him the same sorrow thou feelest in thyself.... Answer me, has he deserved it?".... "No!" cried out Celario, "no! he deserves to be entirely preferred before me; but I must abandon his dwelling. It is only by ceasing to see Azakia, that I can cease to be ungrateful to Ouabi."

These words chilled with paleness the young savage's face; her tears flowed almost at the same instant, and she did not endeavour to conceal them. "Ah! ungrateful Celario!" cried she, with sobs, and pressing his hands between her own; "is it true, ungrateful Celario! that thou hast a mind to quit those, to whom thou art more dear than the light of the bright star of the day? Is any thing wanting to thee? Dost thou not see me continually by thy side, as the slave that wants but the beck to obey? Why wilt thou have Azakia die of grief? Thou canst not leave her, without taking with thee her soul: it is thine, as her body is Ouabi's." The entrance of Ouabi stopped the answer of St. Castins.... Azakia still continued weeping, without restraining herself, without even hiding for a moment the cause. "Friend," said she to the Huron, "thou still seest Celario; thou mayest speak to and hear him; but he will soon disappear from before thine eyes: he is going to seek after other friends.".... "Other friends," cried the savage, almost as much alarmed as Azakia herself; "and what, dear Celario, what induces thee to tear thyself from our arms?.... Hast thou received here any injury, and damage? Answer me: thou knowest my authority in these parts. I swear to thee, by the great Spirit, that thou shalt be satisfied and revenged."

(to be concluded)

#### ANECDOTE.

#### OF ADMIRAL SIR. T. HOBSON.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. He was left an orphan at a very early age, and apprenticed by the parish to a tailor.... a species of employment ill suited to his enterprising spirit. As he was one day

sitting alone on his shopboard, casting his eyes towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men of war coming round Dunnose; and following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work and ran down to the beach, when he cast off the painter from the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning, the admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time Hobson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity; but after fighting two hours he became impatient, and inquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending? On being told the action must continue until the white flag at the enemy's mast head was struck, he exclaimed: "Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!" At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero took advantage of this circumstance, determined either to hawl down the enemy's colours, or perish in the attempt. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main yard, gained that of the French admiral, and ascending with agility to the maintop-mast head, struck and carried off the French flag, with which he returned; and, at the moment he gained his own ship, the British tars shouted "Victory," without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had disappeared. The crew of the French ship being thrown into confusion, in consequence of the loss of their colours, ran from their guns, and while the admiral and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavouring to rally them, the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. Hobson at this juncture descended the shrouds with the French admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main deck, who received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment. This heroic action being mentioned on the quarter-deck, Hobson was ordered to attend there; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by brow-beating him, and threatening him with punishment for his audacity; but the admiral, on hearing of the exploit, observed a ve-



ry opposite conduct. "My lad," said he to Hobson, "I believe you to be a very brave young man; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck, and, according to your future conduct, you shall obtain my patronage and protection." Hobson soon convinced his patron that the countenance shown him was not misplaced. He went rapidly and satisfactorily through the several ranks of the service, until he became an admiral.

*Communicated for the Repository.*

### NIGHT.

NIGHT has dropped her sable curtain, and exhausted nature has lain her wearied head on the pillow of innocent sleep, sequestered from the gay scenes of dissipation, and the watchful eye of a censorious world. The solemn silence, the awful stillness, which pervades this temple of the muses, at this moment conspire to prepare my youthful imagination to take its flight into the airy walks of excursive fancy. The air is clear and tranquil, a cloudless sky scattered over with resplendent stars, most beautifully embellishes the azure dome; the Goddess Cynthia enrobed in a silver vest, diffuses her glittering rays upon the spangled surge, and all nature is hushed into a pleasing requiem. The imperfect semblance of day, caused by her borrowed light, shining through the distant wood, inspires the mind with a placid melancholy. The gentle Zephyr whispers through the rustling trees; the midnight damps infest the lucid air; the noisy bark of the faithful mastiff, assails the attentive ear; the ruins of a neighboring building adds to the gloomy landscape. At this solemn hour the ambitious student enjoys the sweets of retirement; unfolds the luxuriant page of history; marks the dissimilarity of ages; admires the achievements of heroism, and spurns the vile arts of treachery. He enriches his understanding with every source of knowledge, which can either beguile the solitary hours of retirement, or fit him to shine on the great theatre of the world, whose complicated snares and temptations require the exercise of all our fortitude, which, though bestowed by nature, can yet be strengthened by perusing the history of those worthies who have overcome them, and by following the bright examples they exhibit for our encouragement.

CASSIUS.

### CHARACTER

#### OF A MARRIED MAN.

THE felicity of a married man never stands still. It flows perpetual, and strengthens in its passage. It is supplied from various channels. It depends more on others than on himself. From participation proceed the most ecstatic enjoyments of a married man.

By an union with the gentlest, the most polished, most beautiful part of the creation, his mind is harmonized; his manners softened; his soul animated by the most tender and lively sensations. Love, gratitude, and an universal benevolence, mix in all his ideas.

The house of a married man is his *paradise*. He never leaves it without regret; never returns to it but with gladness. The *friend* of his soul, the *wife* of his bosom, welcomes his approach with rapture: joy flushes her cheek.... Mutual are their transports.

Infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fondness. Smiling plenty, under the guardianship of economy, is seen in every department of his family. Generosity stands porter at his door; Liberality presides at his table; and social mirth gives to time its most pleasing motion. To the existence of a married man there is no termination. When death overtakes him, he is only translated from one heaven to another. His glory is immortalized; and his children's children represent him on earth to the latest generation.

### A CHINESE CUSTOM.

THE Chinese year (says a writer) commences with the new moon, which happens nearest to the time when the sun is in the 15th degree of Aquarius, and is a very important period: not only on account of the universal festivity, which lasts four or five days, during which no business is transacted, but as it is the day previous to which all *payments* must be completed. During the interval between the Solstice and the new year, the creditor becomes very importunate: and if he is not satisfied, on the last night of the old year, he repairs to the debtor's house, takes his seat, and observes the most profound silence. As soon as midnight is passed, he rises, congratulates the debtor on the new year, and retires. The debtor has then, as they express it, *lost his face*, and no person will ever trust him afterward.

### METHOD OF MAKING RED HAIR BLACK.

BLACK lead and ebony shavings, of each one ounce, of clear water, one pint, boil together one hour; and when fine, bottle for use. The comb must be often wetted, and the hair frequently combed, and if required to be of a fine black, add two ounces of camphire.

### METHOD OF GIVING LUSTRE TO SILVER.

DISSOLVE a quantity of allum in water, so as to make a pretty strong brine, which you must scum very carefully; add some soap to it, and when you wish to use it, dip a piece of linen rag in it, and daub it over your pieces of plate.... This process will add much to its lustre.

### AGRICULTURAL.

#### TRANSPLANTING TREES.

IN transplanting trees, the largest roots must of necessity be shortened, and the small fibrous roots should be mostly cut off. Therefore to balance the loss of nourishment by the roots, when the head is large, a proportionable part of the limbs should be taken away. The tree may be transplanted in spring or autumn. I have generally had the best success in the spring, and rather prefer that season. I do it at the time when the buds are just beginning to open into leaves. The holes should be made so broad as to allow the roots to have their natural situation, without contortion. And if dead earth be thrown out, rich earth from the surface should supply its place. If the earth be not rich, a little old dung may be mixed with it. But dung unmixed may be hurtful. Trees are sometimes killed by having dung heaps lying near to their roots, which shews that they ought to be dunged sparingly, and with caution.

### SUPERSTITION.

THE annals of France report, that in 793, there fell out an uncommon scarcity; the ears of corn were all void of substance, and strange praternatural beings were heard in the air, proclaiming themselves to be demons, who had ravaged the harvests, in order to revenge the clergy for the reluctance of the people as to the payment of tithes, which, in consequence of this diabolical interference, were ordered to be regularly discharged. St. Foix, who relates this story, humorously asks, "how the devils came to interest themselves so warmly in behalf of the priesthood?"

## ON EDUCATION,

I see too plainly, custom forms us all;  
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief,  
Are consequences of our place of birth:  
Born beyond Ganges—I had been a *Pagan*!  
In France, a *Christian*—I am here a *Saracen*.  
'Tis but instruction all! Our parent's hand  
Writes on our hearts the first faint characters,  
Which time retracing deepens into strength,  
That nothing can efface but death or heaven.

ZARA.

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

FORE.

LET us imagine, as an elucidation of the above assertions, a child born under every favorable event of temporal prosperity; the father rich, and the mother beautiful; its cradle is soft and downy, its pap is made of the whitest bread; and every accomodation that the little stranger demands, furnished with the most pompous parade, and in the highest perfection. It will not be long before these *softnesses* will have so great an influence on the body, that the infant must imbibe from these blessings an idea of luxury. This idea will be constantly recurring, and every day's illustration of the points which first produced it, will expand on the imagination, which, like the passions and appetites, is no foe to delicacies. Voluptuous images, thus associated, are easily admitted into the young heart, and every thing that did not correspond with those images, would, in proportion, be rejected. Accustomed to the light and spacious apartments, he would not venture into a dark passage without his nurse or governante.

Suppose, on the other hand, a child, the offspring of laborious and indigent parents; its birth is effected upon the straw, or upon sacking, without curtains; the wind blows hard through the casement; the mother lies down contented with her small-beer caudle, and on the third or fourth day she is up, and dandling the babe upon her knee, or dancing it in her arms.

The mother of the other, meanwhile, is gradually recovering from the pains of labor, upon a couch of down; stops up every crevice of air, "lest the breeze of heaven should visit her too roughly." Dares not rise till she is sufficiently *weakened* by the forms of a fashionable lying-in, as it is, in this case, emphatically called; and, at last, after much effort, and more ceremony, she ventures abroad, on some auspicious, sun-shiny day, under the fortification of cloaks, hoods and handkerchiefs, just to *take an airing*, with the glasses of her carriage drawn up, and

then returns to her chamber, shivering at those gales which fan the face of the poor woman, who inhales them as the most natural restorative of health and beauty.

About the time that the rich child begins to know the delicacy of its condition, the poor one would find itself promising and hardy, and, in some degree injured to the storms of life. Let them be at this period each five years old; the one has acquired a sensation of softness, the other an habit of hardness. Suppose then, about this time, it were possible for them to *change* situations. The penniless lad shall go into the warm villa, the rich stripling into the cold cottage;....what would be the consequence? Exactly the same as if the two *mothers* and *fathers* were to exchange. All would be distress, dilemma, confusion, and awkwardness: the pampered youth would croud over the wretched bit of a blaze, made by two sticks laid across a brick; and the lad who was bred in a tempest, and seasoned to wind and weather, would very probably toss his plaything against the fine sash-window to let in the air, and prevent suffocation.

Thus far I have spoken respecting the influence of early habits on the *body*. Let us now see what effect they have on the *mind*. The connection betwixt our mortal and immortal part, is far closer than betwixt man and wife. Nothing can befall the one that is indifferent to the other: sympathy implanted by nature is powerfully reciprocated; and the tie is at once tender and forcible. Consequently, the minds of those two boys, must be affected very sensibly by their respective *educations* and *customs*. As they grow up, those customs will so strengthen, that nothing but "death or heaven" can reconcile them to an innovation, either in thought, word, or deed. The *poor* boy having heard nothing but unpolished language, ate nothing but coarse food, and passed his days amongst clowns and cattle, will continue in the track, and if, by an unlucky stroke of chance, he be called to new pursuits, his misery must be dated from the day on which he deserted the spade the ploughshare, or the flail. The *rich* boy, in the mean time, rises into man, amidst the clash of carriages, the comfort of couches, and the luxuries of laziness. His ears are accustomed to music, fashion, and flattery; his eyes are daily charmed with objects of dissipation or delight. No possible accident could be more fatal to his peace, than a sudden

deprivation of these pleasures. Take him again into the hut, he finds himself like a fish upon land, out of his element: the greatest transports of the peasant, are to him agony; and every thing around, and within him, is as strange as if he had stepped into a new world. Why is all this?....Merely because they have been taught to think, and feel, and act differently.

We will proceed, gentle reader, if you please, to further familiar illustrations. Imagine that when these children were five weeks old, the mother of the poorest, reduced to extreme necessity, puts her infant in a basket, and lays it at the door of a person equally celebrated for wealth and benevolence....the gentleman takes it into his house, clothes, feeds, and educates it as his own....that very infant, which with the *parent* would be the lout I have described, would, with its *protector*, be as different a creature as could exist. His pains, passions, pleasures, and ideas, totally *reversed*....imagine likewise that some gipsy steals, or kidnaps, as it is called, the *rich* child from the cradle, and strolls with it up and down the country; it will have its education in the open air, its lodging in a barn, and its dirty diet under a hedge. Probably it will imbibe the craft and subtlety of the gipsy, and limit its utmost ambition to trick the traveller out of sixpence, cross the palm with silver, and tell the events which *have* happened (or are still to be brought forward) by the *line of life*. Thus in every other instance (with a few peculiar exceptions, that have nothing to do with general rules), *habit* and *education* form the mind, and color the human character.

(to be concluded)

## EMILUS AND CLARA;

OR THE HAPPY PAIR.

Each was to each, a dearer self.—*Thompson*.

EVERY day after work, Emilus congratulated himself upon the hours of relaxation, which permitted him to rejoin Clara, in whom he felt, at every return new attractions. Seated at her side, over the frugal blaze, under the thatch of their little cottage, and balancing upon his knees one of his infants, while the other hung harmlessly at the breast of its mother, he forgot his fatigues; he forgot that he had been labouring ever since the sun had arose, even to its going down; or, even if he did remember his weariness, the recollection of exertions by



which he fed his babes, saw them innocently eating the bread he had earned, and merited a tender smile from his Clara, rendered the whole more touching. Transported by these most agreeable prospects, nothing disturbed the repose; "All was truly full." The husband, the wife, and children were together. Their imaginations could picture nothing softer, nothing happier than themselves.

The sight of their children, always augmented their felicity. They were not less touched with an embarrassment they perceived in these little creatures, while they were stammering to express their tenderness, and while their pains were rewarded by a thousand cares and caresses. What a source of pleasure was it to Emilius and Clara, to interpret their will! to satisfy their desires, and to condescend even to join in their innocent pastimes!

Ah! how happy was Emilius, when he felt the tender hands of his children struggling to embrace his own, hardened as they were by work, and embrowned by the wind and weather! The son one day was curious to know the reason of this: "And why papa," said he, "is not your hand as soft as mine? Why is it so hard papa?" "In making bread for you and your mother," replied Emilius, with paternal and gentle dignity. "It is, you see, almost worn out in the service." "Oh, oh!" cried the child, "is that the case? Well then, by the time it has made us a little more bread, mine will grow stout enough to make bread too; and then we shall see, papa, whose will be hardest." The child copied the virtuous pride of the father: Emilius blushed with joy, and Clara shed a tear.

### PARALLEL BETWEEN REST AND HAPPINESS.

*From the French of the Marchioness of Sillery.*

THE Elysian Fields of the Pagans were doubtless the offspring of a wise and lively imagination: happy spirits, for ever divested of passions and desires, walked and conversed peaceably in groves that were always green. Such the monotonous and tranquil feature of repose, but not of happiness. It is on earth for man to seek repose in default of happiness, which is not to be found there: it is on the earth he must moderate his desires, because nothing can satisfy them: it is, in fact, on the earth that Reason prescribes him not to love to ex-

cess any created object; seeing every passionate attachment, even the most lawful, is but a lasting source to him, of mortal inquietudes, and tormenting pains. It is not, however, in vain, that the Creator has endowed him with this active sensibility, which he is obliged unceasingly to repress. The few moments of lively happiness it affords, gives him, at least, an idea of true felicity: he feels that the faculty of loving can alone produce it; but will it be accomplished by passionately attaching himself to weak and imperfect creatures like himself, together with the frightful certainty of being sooner or later separated from them by death? and for ever! No without doubt. To love with ardor, with transport, but without jealousy and inquietude; to find in the object of his love a rare model of perfection; to see him in his greatest glory, and absolute sovereign of all that exists. Such is the ravishing and sublime idea of supreme felicity; and such is the eternal hereafter which Religion promises to Virtue.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### The Improvement of Time.

*Swift as a shadow, &c.—SHAKESPEARE.*

THERE is not, perhaps, a more striking instance of the depravity of human nature, nor a stronger proof of the perverseness of the will, and the slothfulness of our decision, in what is of the greatest moment, than that of living in this world, as Seneca observes, "as though we were to possess it for ever." The slight attention we pay to the most essential and momentous article we have in our possession, that is TIME, is truly astonishing. If we are asked the important question "What is Time?" the answer is ready, "It is here this moment, the next it is gone;" it is fled, never to return to us, and we can never recall, nor overtake it. It is a loss irrecoverable: once gone, it is gone for ever! Improved, it is the most invaluable blessing; misimproved, it is the most awful curse! it is a precious jewel, which the wealth of all the nations of the earth, in the one case, cannot purchase; and in the other, cannot redeem. Yet, astonishing to relate! notwithstanding the vast importance of time, it passes by us unnoticed and disregarded, as a thing of no value; and by the generality of man-

kind, totally neglected, as to the most essential use and improvement that should be made of it.

Upon what ground then, do men presume to call themselves rational beings, while they thus act in direct violation of the principles of rationality? while they prefer the momentary gratification of sensual appetites, to those sublime and exquisite mental enjoyments which are obtained only by the due improvement of time, and the anticipation of a consequent happy eternity. What is there among the transitory enjoyments of this sublunary state so valuable, as to engross all our attention, and make us bankrupts for eternity? Alas! the most valuable earthly enjoyment is but a compound of care, vicissitude, and anxiety; it endures but for a moment, it cloy in the using; and on its forehead, as well as on its back, are written in legible characters "VANITY! ALL IS VANITY!"

Is it not passing strange then, that although a great number of mankind will subscribe to this truth, and acknowledge that it is a fact corroborated by the testimony of each succeeding day; yet they still live as if ETERNITY were written on every worldly enjoyment? Such a Paradox is Man! His life is a most severe satire on his knowledge, as well as on his creed; for he not only believes, but he knows he must die; and yet he lives as if he absolutely knew he would live for ever. If we cast our eyes back, and enquire, where are the generations that were before us? where their pomp, their magnificence, and their pride? where are the ancient heroes? where are the tyrants and oppressors of ancient times? the answer presses upon us...they are gone! their glory has descended with them to the grave...and the awful command comes, like a loud peal of thunder, PREPARE TO FOLLOW! O ye gay deluded, and deluding mortals! how long will you imitate the ephemera, pursuing its diverted course round the lighted candle, until it instantaneously darts upon ruin? I say, how long will you dance in your circles of unthinking gaiety, and unhallowed pleasure, around the vortex of yawning ruin, and persist in going down the broad way to destruction? stop...pause; for a moment, and suffer not your folly to seal your doom in unknown misery! reflect that you are now entering the fatal eddy, which, if you proceed heedlessly on, will soon carry you down, with swift



destruction! It is now not too late to open your eyes and look around you for safety: If you have mispent the TIME that is past, it is not yet too late to improve the present, and resolve for the future. The Fountain of Love still overflows with grace. The arms of mercy are still widely extended. And the Father of the prodigal sees you "yet a great way off." He will not wait your tardy efforts to return, but when he sees you on the road, he will "run to meet you;" he will embrace and kiss you, notwithstanding you have hitherto preferred feeding on husks, with swine, rather than partake of the abundance of his table. But remember, that the *present time* only is yours, the *past* is no longer at your command, and the *future* may never come! to afford you an opportunity of improvement in this state of probation. Think, O! think on the importance of improving the *present time*, and no longer put off the most important concern of life....preparation for eternity.

#### HORATIA.

#### STYLE IN WRITING.

THE first object a writer ought to have in view is, to be understood. Many seem to forget this; and it would seem, on perusing some of our fashionable modern essays, that obscurity is considered the best ornament of style....A habit of recurring to the characters and incidents of heathen mythology is too prevalent among writers, on the most trivial subjects. In a young scholar, fresh from the college, this is, in a great degree, excusable, or at least not surprizing. The dead languages, which form a great part of his education, are on subjects principally connected with the mythology of the Greeks; but experience and maturer judgment ought to efface the impression made by these studies, and his writings ought to be embellished with images more familiar, as well as more forcible and impressive.

This corruption of style has been too easily received by young writers, who, to a genius not despicable, have neglected to add the ornaments of simplicity and true taste. A writer of this description cannot talk of sleep, but he must drag in "*Morpheus* with his leaden wand;" and if he is on the subject of love, a smiling "*Venus*," or a wanton "*Cupid*" will be seen in every line....A friend of mine, who has some talents, and who has hap-

pily got rid of this frothy style, which he once thought to be irresistible, good naturedly handed me one of his love epistles, the other evening, after we had been laughing together at the affectation of scribblers. The specimen is at your service.

"My adorable *Venus*,  
"Had I a quill from *Cupid's* wing, dipt in the poison of his arrows, I might draw a picture which would give you some idea of the wounds your bright eyes have made in my heart; those eyes, where the *Graces* wanton in irresistible charms; those lips, sweeter than *ambrosial nectar*, whose accents exceed the melody of *Apollo's* flute, and those cheeks whose tints rival the finest *carnations of Flora*, have made an indelible impression on my heart....When *Somnus* throws his dusky curtain over the world, and *Morpheus* locks up the senses of mortals, I invoke his aid in vain; for the *drowsy god* flies the temple of *Venus*. Oft, when *Diana's* silver beams throw a melancholy light over the silent scenes of midnight,

I roam along the pebbled shore,  
Where *NEPTUNE'S* azure billows roar;

and when *Aurora's* blushes proclaim the approach of *Phæbus*, in his morning brightness, I haste to *Sylvan* shades, where sportive *Dryads* play among the boughs, and muse in disconsolate silence on thy heavenly charms. O! when will the *Fates* be propitious?...when will you smile on my love, and at the altar of *Hymen*, crown with unspeakable happiness your constant

ADONIS!"

These heathen phrases, in my opinion, are utterly inconsistent with that chaste, unaffected style of Nature, which speaks directly to the heart. Our writers should observe, that a pure, familiar style will convey the most sublime thoughts with infinitely more effect, than all the far-fetched figures of a vitiated taste. As a woman, who is beautiful in a dishabille, may become disgusting in an extravagance of dress; so an idea the most striking and sublime, may lose its effect by being clothed in too gaudy a style.

Now I am on this subject, I cannot help remarking a fault of your brother Editors in many parts of the continent. At the head of their Poetry you will frequently observe the high sounding words, "*Temple of Apollo*"...."*Blossoms of Parnassus*"...."*Parnassian Rivulet*"...."*Mount Parnassus*"....and to crown all that I have yet seen, "*Department of Hippocrene*." I do not mention this to indulge a propensity to satire; nor from

the motives of party-spirit, because I have implicated papers on both sides of politics; but to endeavour to correct that false taste which is too apt to find its way into the style of our writers. I wish in friendship, to suggest to our American Editors, that in a Newspaper, especially one which is supported in a great measure by Farmers and Mechanics, who seldom trouble themselves about *Parnassus*, *Apollo*, or *Hippocrene*, that style is most becoming, which is most expressive, and the easiest understood.

#### ANECDOTE OF A FRIAR.

THE following very furious example of passion and cruelty happened in Spain....A Carmelite friar fell desperately in love with a young woman to whom he was confessor. He tried every art of seduction his desires could suggest to him: but to his unspeakable vexation, found her virtue or indifference proof against all his machinations. His despair was heightened to a pitch of madness, upon hearing that she was soon to be married to a person of her own rank in life. The furies of jealousy seized his soul, and worked him up to the most barbarous of all determinations, that of depriving his rival of the prize, by putting an end to her existence. He chose Easter-Week for the perpetration of his crime. The unsuspecting girl came to the confessional, and poured out her soul at his feet. Her innocence served only to inflame his rage the more, and to confirm him in his bloody purpose. He gave her absolution and the sacrament with his own hands, as his love deterred him from murdering her before he tho't she was purified from all stain of sin, and her soul fit to take its flight to the tribunal of its Creator; but his jealousy and revenge urged him to pursue her down the church, and plunge his dagger in her heart, as she turned round to make a genuflection to the altar. He was immediately seized, and soon condemned to die; but lest his ignominious execution should reflect dishonor on a religious order, which boasts of having an aunt of the king of France among its members, his sentence was changed into perpetual labour among the galley-slaves of Porto Rico. Swinburne.

WHEN engaged in the lawful pursuits of life we should take heed that our affections cleave not to the dust.

# A SHORT ESSAY ON BANKS.

THE only question to be decided, is, whether Banks have been so far multiplied, as completely to meet the demand for money? whether an addition to the number would create such a redundancy, as would be productive of injury rather than of advantage to the public? To answer this enquiry correctly, it would seem to be necessary only to ascertain, whether all the Banks already established, find a sufficient demand upon them, to keep their whole capital employed. For, as we before remarked, a constant and uniform demand for any article, is conclusive evidence that there is no surplusage in the market. To determine whether the Banks already created find a sufficient number of customers to engross their whole capital, the best evidence would perhaps result from an examination of their vaults and their books. But as this sort of evidence is not so easily obtained, we are obliged to have recourse to another, not much less conclusive. We mean the constant applications to our Legislatures, not only in this State, but in every part of the Union, for the incorporation of new Banking institutions. This is a kind of evidence which is in no degree equivocal. When we see men of prudence and calculation, engaging successively in the same species of enterprise, the conclusion is irresistible, that the business is found to be productive of individual emolument. It is a position almost invariably true, that every enterprise which produces private emolument, is in some degree beneficial to the public. If some individuals, therefore, find their account in vesting their property in Banks, and other individuals find their account in borrowing, so that the bills issued by all Banks yet incorporated are kept in circulation, it follows, of course, that a reciprocal benefit, is produced, and that no injury has hitherto arisen from the increase of those institutions. Whenever the business of banking is overdone, or in other words, whenever a superfluity of money is thrown into circulation, applications for loans will cease; banking associations will be at an end, and there will be no more petitions to the Legislature for acts of incorporation. If the spirit which now prevails is an evil, it is one which will cure itself. If it is a benefit, which in its excess may prove injurious, we shall have a sufficient intimation of the crisis, in a diminution of that zeal which prevails at the present moment.

National Regis.

Philadelphia, Jan. 14, 1804.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. J. Johnson, of this city has in the press, an elegant edition of *Goldsmith's Natural History*, abridged for the use of schools, by *Mrs. Pilkington*, with fine engravings—also, *Johnson's octavo Dictionary*, including the Supplement by G. Mason.

Mr. Charles Pierce of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has issued proposals for printing by subscription, 2 volumes of public documents and papers, interesting to every citizen of the United States, desirous of acquainting himself with the political relations of his country. It will contain, the Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, Constitution of the U. States, Fifteen Treaties, Conventions, &c. with foreign nations, Nineteen Treaties with the Indian Nations, and several domestic papers, interesting to the merchant. N. E. Rep.

We understand that, from the almost unprece-dented sale of the last edition of *Walsh's Mercantile Arithmetic*, the proprietor, Mr. Blunt, will shortly put a third edition of that work to press. Npt. Her.

A subscription, for the establishment of a bank in Worcester, (Mass.) was opened on the 3d instant when, in the course of a few hours, the sum contemplated (100,000 dollars) was subscribed.

## A remarkable Bird

Was lately killed in Hanover, (N. H.) by Henry Nevens. It was upwards of three feet in height, though it weighed but 12 pounds, it was judged sufficiently stout, and bold enough to have attempted and even destroyed the lives of calves, sheep and lambs—Its wings extended, measured seven feet eight inches; and its claws were two and one fourth inches in length. This fowl is supposed to be of the Eagle species; but few of this size are rarely met with in this part of the country.—What is remarkable, Mr. Nevens shot him flying, sitting on his horse.

## Horrid Murder and Suicide.

On Sunday night the 18th ult. Mr. Phineas Moody, of Somers, (Conn.) who had for some time previous been in a low, melancholy state of mind, was led to the horrid purpose of murdering his family and himself. After the family were asleep, he procured an axe with which he in the first place killed his wife and infant child, about twelve months old. His wife was badly cut in several places; her arm, on which, probably, the child lay, was cut almost entirely off, likely by the blow which despatched the infant. He then went up into a chamber where slept a niece of his, about eight years of age, whom he mangled in a shocking manner. She had several gashes of the axe in different parts of her face, neck and breast; three of her fingers cut entirely off and others partly. He then returned to the room where his wife was and left the axe, and went into a lower room and cut his own throat from ear to ear. He was about forty years of age.—The next morning the deed was discovered by a little lad who went to the house with an errand; who spread the alarm. The scene was enough to "harrow up the soul" of a stoic.—A jury of inquest was immediately summoned, who brought in a verdict wilful murder!

A Negro quarter of Col. T. L. Lee's near Goose Creek, Virginia, was lately struck by lightning, and two Negroes killed and six or seven wounded,

one of the wounded soon after died and it is hoped the others are out of danger. They had assembled for the laudable purpose of prayer and were singing hymns at the period of this awful visitation.

## Propagation of the Gospel.

It is with pleasure we learn, that on application (by memorial) from the Hon. James Sullivan of Boston, in behalf of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, the Legislature of New Hampshire have granted 200 Dollars, to be at the disposal of the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians, &c. in North-America.

The United States have received possession of the territory of Louisiana, without effusion of blood:

Married—at Athens (Ver.) Mr. Silas Chapin, at 15, to Miss Susanna Powers, at 13.  
— at Boston, Mr. James Cunningham, to Miss Charlotte May; Capt. Peter Geyer, at 62, to Miss Polly Sanery, at 17; Mr. Theophilus Thayer, to Miss Elizabeth Hall.

Died—at Newport (R. I.) Rev. Samuel Hopkins; S. T. D. Aet. 83.

— at Worcester (Mass.) Miss Eliza Salisbury; Amherst 3 young children of Mr. Eben. Pratt—the house took fire, and their parents being from home, they were burned to death.

— at Trenton (N. J.) Mr. John Yard, at 33.  
— at Kensington, Mr. William Brown, master ship builder.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

A mistake having seriously prevailed, relative to the editor of this paper, which threatens to be injurious to his interest, he conceives it his duty to declare, he is not that Scott who has become popular as publisher of a gazetteer, independent cubig, &c. &c. The virtues or abilities of that man, the editor has no intention to assume, and sensible that his own imperfections are sufficient, he wishes not to be reproached with those ascribed to a person with whom he is both unconnected and unacquainted.

"Vigilant."—Under consideration; the editor would promptly insert productions of this nature, were he not, in some measure, governed by his own opinion, which does not, and he hopes, never will accord with the sentiments expressed by Vigilant.

"Auscultator's" dialogue might cause some laughter in a stage representation, but would afford little amusement and less instruction to the readers of the Repository: being satire on fashionable foibles, has generally a much better effect than lengthy details.

"Horatia" it is hoped will again visit the monitorial department.

Has Anyntor hung his harp upon the leafless willow? Several communications are received, and shall be duly noticed.

## TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers...to those who pay half yearly in advance, \$3 per vol. To distant subscribers \$3 per annum, payable half yearly in advance. The 2d & 3d vols. may be had at \$3 per vol. unbound, (if bound, the price of binding will be added.)

Letters (postage paid) will be duly attended to.



## Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### Ode to Benevolence:

ADDRESSED TO THE  
BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

HAIL! Maid of mind serene and beaming eye,  
Thou heaven-descended, sympathizing fair,  
Whose heart still heaves at the wan mourner's sigh,  
And beats to meet the poor oppressed's prayer,—  
Through earth we see thee hold thy shining way,  
Begirt with peace divine and ever-cheering day.

Without thine aid, pale mortals would have pin'd,  
Scourged by distress, and pinion'd down by woe,  
Dead to humane affections, tender, kind,  
No hand to help, no tear of pity flow:  
But cheered by thee, the mourner lifts his head,  
Whilst thy soft feeling hand smooths kindly all his bed.  
Oft we behold thy pity-speaking eye,  
Bright with the pearly drop for others' woe—  
Oft see thy spotless bosom heave a sigh  
For pains which suffering mortals undergo:  
Whilst ever and anon thy looks express  
Supreme delight in others' happiness.

At thy approach, with never-failing aid,  
Despair and anguish fly in deep dismay;  
Thou call'st on joy—thy mandate is obey'd—  
And comfort beams through all the house of clay:  
The soul, enraptur'd, sees the God of grace  
Shine in thine eye serene, and smiling in thy face.

Hark! sweet's the sound, it echoes high to heav'n;  
From every street the orphan's, widow's pray'r;  
The lame, the blind, rejoice in favors giv'n,  
E'en maniacs feel and own thy fostering care:  
Whilst mild religion, bright in heav'nly charms,  
Opens her breast divine, and clasps thee in her arms.

Bless'd is that man whose breast thy presence fills,  
Whose hands are taught thy favors to bestow,  
Who plucks from life ten thousand pressing ills,  
Who brings a balm for sickness, pain, and woe:  
Whilst he through life shall onward bend his way  
His path will brighten still to heav'n's eternal day.

X. W. T.

### ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY first, the hind employ'd, his horse to stop;  
My second, of creation's call'd the top;  
My whole contains all that's worth living for;  
I'm Nature's master-piece, whom all adore.

RELAXATION.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### THE NEW YEAR:

An Ode.

*Purpurea volutus veste scabebat  
Im solis Phœbus, clavis lucente smaragdis.  
A dextra lavagne, dicit, et mensis, et annus,  
Scutulaque, et posita spatibus equalibus lora.*—OVID.

TIME hast'ning on his swift career,  
Hath flung behind another year,  
And usher'd in the new;  
What's past's no more—and what's to come  
Lies in futurity's dark womb,  
'Tis doubtful who may view!

Back on past time we look—replete  
With pain, with pleasure, or regret,  
As we the time have spent;  
Then forward gaze, with longing soul,  
While hope aims at some favorite goal,  
Where all our thoughts are bent.

Fondly the man of pleasure dreams,  
(Who glides down dissipation's streams)  
To reap more pleasing joy;  
On disappointment's waves long cast,  
Tir'd with old courses, owns at last,  
That sensual pleasures cloy.

The wretch that doats on treasure'd ore,  
Bids ev'ry year increase his store!—  
Th' ambitious man will say,  
This year will make each wish complete,  
My foes like vassals at my feet,  
Shall bend and own my way.

Thus we divide 'twixt hope and fear  
Alternately, the coming year,  
Comparison our guide;  
And eager pry in fate's dark womb,  
T' anticipate our future doom,  
And learn what Heav'n deny'd.

Why does this passion strongly move?  
Whence of futurity this love?  
Whence springs the powerful thought?  
Some unexpected change, our dreams  
Of temp'ral bliss, our high built schemes  
May even turn to nought.

May ev'ry New Year me survey,  
Wiser and better than to day,  
With God my guide and friend;  
Till his sure mandate calls me hence,  
Where change no more can give offence,  
Where years can never end!

January, 1, 1804.

Lately Published, HNT

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